

Shortgrass Folks Full Of Complexes But Seldom Riot

By Monte Noelke

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MERTZON — Opening of the nation's annual summer rioting season is normally ignored in the Shortgrass country. Since our knowledge of street fighting is limited to the rare husband-and-wife disagreement that overflows beyond the front yard, civil disorders elsewhere have traditionally been marked off as just one more incomprehensible pastime of city folks.

Last week, a certain newspaper article did make the mess a bit more understandable. The writer of that article blamed the rioting problem on the demonstrators' having a deep-seated case of the loser's complexes.

You see, ever since complexes were discovered, the Shortgrass area has been a famous complex hotbed. We have always had more complexes than almost any other area except around the nation's bigger feedlots and the playing fields of the New York Mets. As for the losers' complex, it's a safe bet that the world's championship in this respect is stationed somewhere within our boundaries.

The main reason the loser's complex incidence is so high here rests in our ability to turn trifles into hardships.

For example, a report last year showed that 99.44 percent of the Shortgrass families who had been forced to sell their home places to pay state and inheritance taxes had allowed the matter to give them slight pangs of loser's complex.

Citizens who converted 37-cent mohair and 45-cent wool into \$76 a ton feed were found suffering the same symptoms.

Ranchers who didn't get enough rain to support a small camel herd came down with bad cases of loser's complex plus frequent attacks of the dry running fits. (Only doctors can tell the difference between loser's complex and dry running fits, so don't worry about the labeling.)

Now, please don't be misled. My people aren't going to erupt into civil violence. Ranchers the world over are known as the worst prospects for rioting material, even though their emotional systems may be seething with the identical motivations that drive other discontented minority groups out into the streets. The entire ranching industry couldn't hold a demonstration that would make the third page of "The Rhode Island Red Reporter," much less receive any space from the wire services.

Beside, if we were to get a fight going, just about the time the high drama of brick throwing or car burning reached its peak, most of us would have to pause and go the ranch to check on our stock waterings.

Nevertheless, it's good to know that we have one link with this modern age. Although the civil wars in the cities are a shameful thing, maybe some day the minority classes there will take pity on us and fight for our case. I just hope they get here before it's too late.